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YE EXCISE LAW.

A Pathetic Ballad.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSIE KNIGHT."

I.

was the Legislature
That made an Excise Law
such a cruel nature
That it caus-ed men to "jaw,"
d all unlicensed dealers—
With unprecedented awe—
e coming of the "peelers"
As in a vision saw.

II.

d it was Thomas Acton,
And Kennedy, called Bill,
o heavy taxes tack'd on
To every whiskey mill,
d those who loved a riot
Were estopped from keeping
still,
ile the dreadful Sunday fiat
Was recorded will or nill.

III.

d the law essay'd to throttle
With parching thirst all those
o owned no private bottle
Except a bottle nose:
they thought—those in high
places—
They'd reduce the adipose
the many ruby faces
That had blossomed like the
rose.

IV.

n each decrepid "bloke"
Who loved his toddy dearly
anguished accents spoke,
nd he d—d the "fathers"
clearly;
when Sunday morning
broke,
is heart broke with it
nearly;
had lost his chance to soak,
nd it troubled him severely.

V.

the "fathers" have more
mercy
no very distant quarter,
over in New Jersey
ou can get your gin and
water;
And so the chance seem'd
bright'ning
To all the host who sought a
Steep draught of "Jersey light-
ning"
That is warranted to slaugh-
ter.

VI.

Then the ferry boats were
freighted
With their weight of human
sin,
And all Jersey was elated
At the chance to take 'em in;
And the Teutons were indulging
In music of the chin,
While the lager casks were bul-
ging
With th' equivalent for "tin."

VII.

Ten thousand crossed the ferry
Like an army corps division,
Ten thousand took their sherry
On the Fields ycleptElysian;
Said they, "We'll all get merry,"
And they said it with decision,
And they did it quick as Terry
Performed his Fisher mission.

VIII.

But when night's shades were
falling
They sought our city's quiet,
And through the streets went
bawling
In drunken mirth and riot;
So know ye, legislators,
That your law for Croton diet,
Though you've killed the "pret-
ty waiters,"
Is, O fie! a fizzling fiat.

IX.

For should Cholera attack us,
It couldn't claim the sway
That is exercised by Bacchus
On the thirsty Sabbath day;
For besides the interlopers
That death may sweep away,
We have fifty thousand topers
Embalmed beyond decay.

THE THREE GRACES;

OR,

MARRIED IN THE DARK.

BY W. STEPHENS HAYWARD.

HOR OF "BLACK ANGEL"—"STAR OF THE SOUTH"—"FIERY CROSS"—"LOVE AGAINST THE WORLD"—"FLAW IN THE GEM"—"ETHEL GREY," &C., &C.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

ith her an *affaire de cœur* was a pure flirtation. Rumor etimes whispered a little worse. The Marquis of Malplaquet, ng been one time a devoted admirer, might perchance have wn a good deal of light on the subject.

ars ago, while he was a poor "honorable" only, and with prospect of the splendid fortune which had since befallen he met Lady Letitia Faversham, then a widow of some e months' standing only. He was amused with her wit and ity, and his admiration was excited by her undeniable and te beauty. She on her part was also desperately smitten by andsome person. His quiet, cynical manner pleased her. oman-like, persuaded herself that he, though cold, selfish eartless avowedly, yet made an exception in her favor. She have married him, but he had not the slightest intention throwing himself away. A flirtation, which the censorious dared to say was something more than harmless, was kept r years. Even after he became a marquis, he still for a wore her bonds. But gradually he grew tired of his silken s, and if she did not really care for him less, she disguised her ge and affected total indifference.

sh objects of attraction came across the path of her one-time ful lover, and she found herself utterly deserted for other ounger beauties. Notably there was one, Marie Deloraine, ng actress of great talent and beauty. All Paris was mad her, and amongst her male admirers was the Marquis of laquet. His enormous wealth gave him great advantages his rivals, and he soon established himself on terms of lar friendship with the fair Marie. But he found in her a dy as obdurate as she was handsome. She accepted his nts—his diamonds and bracelets—and laughed at him.

ove you, *mon ami*," she would say, in answer to his passion- ppeals, "of course I do. Do I not accept presents from

What better proof can a girl give?"

ow it so happened that admission to the brilliant *salons* of Letitia Faversham was an object of the most intense ambi- o all the female members of the threatrical world of Paris. lube a certificate of merit, and stamped the lady as possess- talent, wit and beauty. Now it happened that Mademoiselle had a rival at the Opera Comique, one Louise Descartes, his latter had been fortunate enough to procure an *entree* he society of Lady Letitia and her friends.

withstanding all her efforts poor Marie Deloraine could not re a solitary invitation, and great was the triumph of the herest. Here the love smitten marquis thought he saw a e. He offered to procure for the fascinating actress an in- n, and to establish her firmly in the coveted society. Poor was not proof against this. She could bear anything but val's triumph, which was being offensively paraded before dozen times a day. Malplaquet was not a man to be fooled, he was desperately in love she foresaw that to gain her he must also gain his. Virtue fought and lost the battle t ambition and wounded vanity, and a certain compact was d into between the French actress and the English peer. is an old saying, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and ." Malplaquet had rather overrated his power, and relied plicitly on the influence of his wealth and rank. He forgot into account that most inscrutable and mysterious thing— an's heart. He forgot, or perhaps was unaware, that Lady loved him. Or if he knew the fact he treated it as of no uence. Confident of his influence—not doubting for a t he could gain his end—he went boldly to work, and with t politeness requested Lady Letitia point blank to give Deloraine an invitation.

she is a very particular *chere amie* of yours?" the lady terrogatively.

he were not I should not ask you to invite her, my dear Letitia."

a are desperately enamoured of this actress, then?"

bien!" he replied, shrugging his shoulders, "I suppose

did not notice the gleam of her eye, nor the deadly pallor overspread her fair cheek.

ll give you the invitation," she said. "Let it be for next nday,"

oice was husky and trembled with passion, but he, exult- his victory, paid no heed.

nks, most charming Letitia, you are as complaisant as you utiful."

spoke he took her hand, and, raising it gallantly to his se it.

and was cold as marble, but her heart burned with jealous Exultant and triumphant, the marquis bore off to Marie ne the coveted invitation.

vening came, and with it shame and bitter humiliation to ortunate actress. Malplaquet was not present at the time, en he heard what passed he ground his teeth with rage, orn vengeance against the fair offender—Lady Letitia. slighted beauty took a deadly revenge on her favored She invited to meet her all the actress' personal enemies ls. Then, choosing her opportunity, she publicly insult- and amidst the laughter and jeers of her assembled foes and rivals poor Marie Deloraine had to beat an ignominious

Not without reason attributing a portion of the blame noble admirer, she utterly discarded him, refused even to his letters and see him; shortly afterwards retired from e, and married an old lover, an honest *burgeois* of her own.

there arose a bitter feud between the Marquis of Malpla- d Lady Letitia. The latter had gratified her jealous rage, all but ruined herself. Malplaquet's great wealth and e him enormous influence, and after carrying on a losing more than a year, the lady found herself all but desert- found it necessary to retire from the gay capital for a ason. People who had again and again enjoyed her hos- now affected not to see her when they met her in the in the Bois de Bologne; or, if compelled to acknowledge ould be by a cold bow only; then they would pass on.

ERNESTINE DE FAIBER, PREMIER DANSEUSE. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

Nor did her enemy's hostility cease with her retirement from Paris. When she attempted to take up a position in London society, she found his influence arrayed against her. She was but a poor weak woman, and as there were weak points in her armor, could offer no valid defence. But in the depths of her woman's heart there burned a fierce, inveterate hatred. She swore that she would one day be avenged on this man who had betrayed her, scorned her love, malignantly and ruthlessly dragged her from her position in Paris society, and now, with inveterate animosity, barred her entrance to the fashionable world of London.

Imagine, then, her surprise when this old lover and, of late, bitter foe, came up and spoke to her. The marquis being triumphant could afford to be generous.

"Poor devil," he said to himself, "she played me a shabby trick, but I have punished her terribly for it. Besides, she may be useful to me. I think she has had a sufficient lesson, and will not dare attempt to cross my path again. Yes, I can trust her; she knows I have nothing to fear from her, and she has every thing to fear from me. She will be glad to make peace, and at my own terms."

However, his former experience of her ladyship's temper, and of what she was capable, caused him to observe her more carefully. She, with woman's quick perception, noted this, and she did her very utmost to veil the depth of her feelings.

"He wants me for some purpose; he wants to make use of me. We shall see—we shall see."

And Lady Letitia, as she thoughts passed through her mind, ground her teeth with silent rage. She had never forgotten—never could forget—the contumely she had experienced through and by him, and the completeness of her discomfiture. He thought, foolishly enough, that her overthrow when opposed to him having been so complete, she would never dare enter the lists again against him. Possibly not. He might have been right so far as open war was concerned, but nevertheless it is certain that so long as the heart of Letitia Faversham beat, it would never cease to hate him, and so long as her brain was capable of thinking, it would never cease to devise plots against him. And this was the woman—the beautiful, betrayed woman—whom he had determined to enlist in his service against another woman, no other than our heroine, Caroline.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, my lord," she said, as they walked slowly on together; "I thought that you hated me too much to speak to me. Alas! poor, weak woman that I am, I thought that you meant to pursue me to my grave—to drive me from society by your wealth and influence. A noble ambition, truly, for a man rich, wealthy, noble, to hunt down a poor, weak woman—a woman whose greatest fault has been love of him——"

"Nay, Letitia," said his lordship, a little bit touched, "you do me wrong. I am not quite such a human ghoul as you wish to make me out. I will own that I have been your enemy of late, and have done you much injury; but remember that the first provocation was on your part."

"You allude to that girl Deloraine, and you dare to tell me the provocation was on my part—you, who after vowing eternal love to me, actually wished to make me an instrument in winning this actress for your mistress—you dare to tell me, knowing this, that the provocation was on my part—you who wished to make a convenience of me, to use me for your own base purposes."

"This is all nonsense. I thought you had gained sense. As I see I am mistaken, I will bid you good afternoon."

"Pardon me," gulping down her passion, her eyes gleaming, her face deadly pale, "I was in error. The memory of my wrongs took away my prudence. I forgot that I am but a weak woman—you a wealthy and hard-hearted man."

She spoke with bitter emphasis, but Malplaquet paid not the slightest attention thereto.

"What is it you wish?" she asked, schooling her voice to a tone almost piteous.

"Wish? I wish nothing. I only thought that I had done you injury enough, and that now we could afford to shake hands, forget the past, and be friends—*allies* for the future."

"So be it," she said, impetuously. "Here is my hand. You have conquered. I am weak, you are strong. It is an unequal battle, and I can fight against you no longer. I lower my standard, and cry *misericorde*."

"That is right," he said, just touching her proffered hand, and noticing how deadly cold it was, the pallor of her beautiful face, and the angry fire in her clear, dark eye.

"By the way, have you an invitation to the Duchess of Sunderland's fete next week at Kew?"

"*Have I an invitation?* Well do you know I have not. Too well have you worked with your malignant arts to bar all chance of my obtaining one. You know full well, my Lord of Malplaquet, that your malice has caused me to be all but ostracised."

"A truce to recrimination, Letitia," he said, sharply; "any evil that I have done you I can, if I so choose, repair. In proof of my sincerity, I offer you an invitation—I have *carte blanche*. You can, if you please, accompany my cousins—the Honorable Misses Egerton. I will arrange everything if you so please."

"But will your cousins be agreeable? I scarcely know them."

"They will be willing enough, fear not. Their worthy mother wished me to let them have one of my country seats for a residence. You know enough of the world, Lady Letitia, to be sure that two portionless girls without beauty or prospects will carefully avoid offending their rich cousin, the marquis."

"I will accept your invitation as an earnest of our future friendship."

"That's a sensible woman. So we are to be friends, then, for the future? No more absurd jealousy or tantrums on your part."

"I can safely promise you shall never be troubled with any such folly again," she said bitterly.

"Good. I am about to put you to the test."

"Very well."

He looked her steadily in the eyes and watched her features with keen scrutiny as he enunciated his proposition. Well might he gaze in her face to see the effect his words produced, for the proposal he made was about as insolent and audacious a one as it was possible for a man to submit to any woman, above all to a woman whom he had once professed to love, and who had loved him to her sorrow.

"You see, Letitia, I am going to put absolute and entire confidence in you. I am one of those men who don't believe in doing things by halves."

"I am aware of that," she murmured, and by a kind of prophetic instinct perceived what was the nature of the communication he was about to make. "Who is the girl?"

This she said in sober seriousness, and without a smile.

"An excellent guess, indeed."

He looked at her hard, a little bit alarmed in spite of himself, at her coolness and the correctness of her supposition. Then he laughed a hard, dry laugh.

"'Pon my soul, Letitia, you are a witch. How did you know it was anything about a girl?"

"Does it require a witch to pronounce that, when the Lord Marquis of Malplaquet has some scheme of unusual moment and importance afloat, it relates to some unhappy girl cursed with the fatal gift of beauty? Oh, no, my lord. It requires no prophetic power to tell you as I tell you now that you have conceived what you call a 'passion' for some fair and doubtless innocent girl. It requires no prophetic power to tell her fate. But enough of this; tell me what it is you want."

A good deal staggered at her manner, the marquis nevertheless went obstinately on. He seemed on this occasion to have lost his usual prudence, to be intoxicated with the consciousness of his own power and her weakness. In the insolence of his triumph over her he laid bare his inmost heart, and demanded her aid in his designs. Not in words—he was far too courtly and gentlemanly to be guilty of such an enormity. Indeed, he was much more guarded in language than she had been. But nevertheless, she thoroughly understood him, and he knew it.

"The fact is, Letitia, this soft heart of mine has got me into trouble again."

"Soft heart! Heaven save the mark."

"I'm in love."

"Indeed!"

"Desperately—hopelessly."

"And who is the favored lady?"

"She is here in Ramsgate. To my taste, the most peerlessly beautiful of her sex. A form which Venus might envy—features faultless—glorious eyes, and such a profusion of bright golden hair."

The Lady Letitia dropped her sneering manner, and now looked interested.

"Who is the lady?"

"You have seen her."

"I?"

"Yes. If I am not mistaken, I saw you bow slightly either to her or her companions the other day."

"Her companions?"

"Yes. I have found out their name and her name. Her name is Caroline Conway."

"Ah! I thought so. Yes. I have met the Miss Staffords. I really forget where, now. Both handsome girls. And so this handsome governess is the object of your latest passion?"

"Governess—is she a governess?"

"I believe so. Music teacher, or something of the sort. She is a lady, nevertheless, the daughter of a retired officer, Captain Conway. He is alive, so you had better beware, my gallant, gay Lothario."

"Oh, bah, what have I to fear? Besides, who knows that I may not make her Marchioness of Malplaquet?"

Lady Letitia laughed scornfully.

"There, there," she said, "reserve all that for her ears, don't think to deceive me."

"Well, then, let it suffice that I am enamoured of this girl. If you choose to impute dishonorable intentions to me, I cannot help it. You need not assist therein. All that I ask of you is to aid me in ingratiating myself with the young lady. I know no one so capable as you. I know no one by whose judgment and opinion a young girl would be so easily influenced as by yourself. I love this girl, Caroline Conway. Ah! you may smile sarcastically, Lady Letitia, and laugh aloud at my folly if you like; but I mean—that till I saw her, I never knew what love was—it was love at first sight."

She laughed a low, scornful laugh which irritated him greatly, and caused him still further to forget his prudence.

"You may laugh, Lady Letitia, and mock what you may consider my foolish fancy, but I tell you that the very moment I saw that girl I loved her. Aye! loved her at first sight better than I ever loved you."

Her mocking smile and laugh had annoyed him, and now he had his revenge, for his words filled her with fury. He colored up a little when he thought she was mocking him. But she turned crimson. And then slowly the color faded from her cheek, and she was pale as ashes.

"Thank you, my lord."

She made a sweeping bow as she spoke and half turned away, so that he could not see her face. It was well for his peace of mind that he did not, for on those pale and beautiful features was written an expression of hate and desperate malignity, which even he, with all his arrogance and self-conceit, would not have allowed to pass unnoticed.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LITTLE SIGNORITA.

"Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey,
Submissive fall his princely rage before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repastare for his den."

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.—Act 4, s. 1.

"And now that we are friends again," said Lady Letitia, after a few moments, during which she seemed to be gazing earnestly out on the sea, "let us come to terms. I have heard what you have said; let us come to the point at once, and not affect virtue one to the other. What will you do for me? Come, that is putting it in a business-like way, is it not?"

"What will I do for you, Lady Letitia?" cried the marquis, delighted at the turn affairs were taking. "I will do anything you please, in reason. I assure you I am charmed to be able once more to call you friend."

"All I ask from you is this, that you will use your whole influence in my favor, especially with all your female fashionable friends. I was foolish enough to take up the gauge of battle against you. I have lost—I cannot fight with you. I was angry and jealous. Now I have cured myself of those weaknesses I will be your ally—your friend, *but* I want an assurance that in serving you I also serve myself."

Malplaquet was delighted at the manner in which she accepted the situation.

"*Chere amie*," he commenced, "I am at your service——"

"Don't call me soft names. Your *chere amie* now is Miss Caroline Conway. I am but a friend—an auxiliary."

"As you please, Lady Letitia. Nothing shall be wanting on my part. Cultivate the acquaintance of the young ladies. *Au revoir*."

Perfectly satisfied with the result of his interview with Lady Letitia, the Marquis of Malplaquet bade her adieu with politeness almost chivalrous, and strolled first up to the hotel and then on to the billiard room, where he had appointed to meet Mr. George Agate. That gentlemen did not fail to make his appearance in the course of an hour.

"And now, sir, I will gladly give you your revenge," said his lordship.

They played, and the course of affairs was entirely reversed. Malplaquet lost every game, and in less than an hour and a half George Agate was winner of some thirty pounds.

The marker, too, had a share of his good fortune, backing the successful player each game for a sovereign. Vainly, however, did he endeavor to prevail on the wealthy nobleman to wager a larger sum.

Having lost four games, his lordship put down his cue, tossed four sovereigns over the table to the marker, and turning to George Agate, said,

"If you will walk with me to the hotel I will give you a cheque. I have not money enough with me."

"It is of no consequence; any other time will do," said the winner, carelessly.

"No; it is of no consequence, truly, but I prefer to settle all these little affairs at once."

"As you please," replied Agate, and they walked slowly up the town.

"Oh, by-the-by, about that handkerchief. Have you inquired did it belong to either of the ladies, your friends?"

"I had forgotten. Here it is. You were mistaken in your supposition that it had been dropped by one of them."

"Then since I cannot find the right owner I will dispose of it. My pretty girl, I have found a cambric handkerchief, and as I cannot discover a claimant I beg permission to hand it to you."

The person to whom his words were addressed thoroughly merited the appellation "pretty girl." She was walking sharply along the pavement, carrying a parcel, when his lordship first cast eyes on her, but halted suddenly, attracted by some article of finery in a linendraper's window. At first she appeared a child, wearing ridiculously short skirts and a small straw hat. But a second glance was enough to convince Lord Malplaquet that it was a charming little lady.

Her figure, though petite, was perfectly developed and of exquisite mould. She could not have been less than sixteen years of age—might have been more—exceedingly handsome; her beauty was enhanced by the style of her dress—a plain black frock, close fitting bodice, black silk stocking, and shoes fastened with sandals around the most charming ankle conceivable. She looked as though she had just stepped out from a masquerade ball. Pretty, piquante, innocent, absolutely charming.

So thought both the Marquis of Malplaquet and his companion. When the girl—blushing, smiling, and a little confused—turned her face towards the speaker and flashed a pair of splendid black eyes upon him, Malplaquet thought she was the most charming little *bijou* beauty he had ever seen. Malplaquet said a few words of playful gallantry in that dangerous, winning manner he so well assumed, and then with a smile and a bow passed on. But when the girl had gone a few yards, he turned and gazed after her.

"On my life and soul, an exquisite little beauty," he said. "I wonder who she can be."

"Quite a little fairy," said George Agate, who was as greatly struck as the marquis at the singularity of this little girl's appearance.

"Why, what a shame to keep her in short frocks—she must be seventeen or eighteen—and yet not a shame. It would rather be a shame to have her dress longer. By Jove, she has the neatest foot, ankle and leg I have ever seen. A perfect little angel. Wonder who and what she is? Ah, there's Pug. He must find out; my curiosity is excited."

Mr. Sydney Syphax, who was leisurely strolling along by the harbor, quickened his pace on observing his patron sharply and imperiously beckon him with his cane.

"Follow that little girl with the short dress and black silk stockings. Find out who she is, and all about her."

"What, you mean the little Signorita?"

"The little Signorita!"

"Yes; that's what they call her; because she looks like a Spanish lady in an opera."

"Do you know who she is?"

"Havn't an idea."

"Then find out. See, she is walking slowly, and looking in the shops. Follow her, and let me know what you have discovered in an hour's time. Make haste, there's a good fellow."

Away spun his lordship's worthy envoy in pursuit of the girl, who was still in sight. Malplaquet noticed that his companion looked a good deal astonished at this cool proceeding on his part.

"Ha! ha! Upon my soul," he said, "I declare it is supremely ridiculous. I don't wonder at your looking a good deal astonished. You must think me mad."

"I was wondering," said George Agate, with a smile, "whether you make a practice of following up by deputy every pretty girl you come across."

"Scarcely; but in this instance I felt a sudden and unconquerable curiosity. There's some mystery about that girl; I'm convinced. Here we are. I propose we go and have some dinner."

Malplaquet was a good deal flushed and confused. He had caught his companion regarding him with a very peculiar look, as though he suspected him of being the shameless libertine he really was. It by no means suited the marquis' purpose that his companion should form such an estimate of his character, and he set to work to remove any impression of the kind.

"You have not dined, of course," he said carelessly as they passed into the hotel.

"No; and to tell the truth, after my double lunch, I have but little appetite."

"Then place yourself in my hands—rather I should say my cook's hands. He will serve up a charming little dinner—one that would tempt a dying man to eat."

"You are very kind," Agate said in reply, and accepted the invitation, more from listless indifference than any other reason.

In a very short space of time Mr. Sydney Syphax returned from his mission full of hurry and importance.

"I've found out all about her—you'd never think it—'pon my soul."

"Why, what's the matter with the fellow?" the marquis cried, in affected astonishment. "What on earth are you talking about?"

"The girl. I followed her down town, and into the billiard rooms——"

"The girl! followed her into the billiard rooms. Oh! he's mad. What girl?"

"What girl? Why, the little Signorita, of course."

"Oh, I remember," Malplaquet said, laughing. "I had really forgotten all about it."

This was by no means the case, as Mr. Syphax knew right well the pleasure-seeking nobleman never relinquished an object on which he had once cast his eyes thus easily.

"Well, what have you discovered?"

"I followed her into the billiard room, and ascertained that she is the daughter of the marker."

"The daughter of that fellow—that swindling vagabond! By heavens, it is impossible. So pretty and elegant a little creature could never be the daughter of an ordinary, vulgar, billiard sharp such as he. How do you know such to be the fact?"

"I have her own words for it. She took her father his tea and then returned. I was half inclined, and as she was alone and quite innocent, I had no difficulty in getting into conversation with her. I pretended to be a stranger and unable to find a certain street I named. She gave me the necessary information, but I was so stupid that after several times trying to tell me how to find it, she offered to show me the way herself, which offer I accepted. On the road I managed to elicit all the information I wanted from her. Her name is Ruth Maberly, she is seventeen years of age, and has no relation in the world except her father. They live alone in a little cottage on the Broadstairs road. She has received a good education, having been to a boarding school till within the last year. Her father has been better off, and only within the last few months has been sinking into absolute poverty. I gathered from her that her father had been a racing man—and during the last season had been unfortunate, and being unable to meet his engagements was all but ruined. As a last resource, and to keep want away from the door, he had rented the billiard rooms, and father and daughter lived in the little cottage, the last remnant of property which he had left."

"Quite a romance," said the marquis. "So the pretty little Signorita is alone at the cottage all day?"

"Obviously so, and also a great part of the night, as the father does not leave the billiard rooms till one or two o'clock."

"Pug, my boy," said Malplaquet, slapping his factotum on the back with apparent *bonhomie*, "there's a chance for you. A romantic adventure in prospect. Find out the rustic and solitary abode of the little Signorita—play the part of the belated traveler—make strong love—and marry her if you feel inclined."

"I am obliged to your lordship," said Mr. Syphax drily, "but I thought that you yourself might fancy the adventure, knowing your lordship's taste in that way."

Malplaquet gave him a look as black as thunder, and Mr. Syphax collapsed suddenly, and became aware that he had, as he would have expressed it, put his foot in it.

"Go on board the Venus, find Captain Box, and tell him I want him. I shall not wait dinner, but he can take his chance if he likes."

Mr. Syphax departed considerably crestfallen, but not daring to question the commands of his imperious principal, for the most noble Marquis of Malplaquet was in one of his evil tempers, and the toady well knew he would not brook contradiction. He quickly recovered his serenity, however, when he and George Agate were alone together.

"He's a very useful little fellow, is Pug," he said apologetically, "but awfully trying to one's temper. One would think to hear him talk that I was a regular Don Giovanni."

"He seemed certainly to enjoy playing jackall better than I should," said George Agate, drily.

Our friend was by nature unsuspicious, and, if anything, too confiding; but he had a vague, undefined feeling that some deep game was being played; that the marquis had motives and plans not apparent at the surface. He did not put this vague feeling into words. Nevertheless, he felt like one wandering in the dark.

The marquis, a keen and acute observer, saw this. Saw that his new acquaintance was growing suspicious, and could not understand his motives for his profuse hospitality and civility. He saw that George Agate was good-natured, and by no means suspicious, but he also was aware he was by no means a fool.

"I've been overdoing the thing a little," he said to himself. "If I am not careful I shall arouse his suspicions. I was a fool to let him see I was struck by that Spanish-looking little beauty. I must mind he does not take alarm before I have ingratiated myself with the fair Caroline. Once that I have a footing, I care nothing. But if he suspects my object too soon he may frustrate all my plans."

That the Marquis of Malplaquet had very decided plans is abundantly proved by the pains he took in ingratiating himself with Mr. George Agate.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DARK DESIGNS OF THE MARQUIS.

CAROLINE!

That was the grand aim of the aristocratic libertine. He had, in reality, conceived a fervid passion for this pure and beautiful young woman, and swore inwardly a solemn oath to win her, though he spent years of his life and a moiety of his great wealth. It may seem strange that in the presence of so absorbing a passion, he could find room in his heart for interest in another (such as that which prompted him, forgetting his usual prudence, to despatch Syphax on the track of pretty little Ruth Maberly.) But it was a characteristic of the marquis, that he could amuse his leisure by the pursuit of one girl, while he made the winning another an all-important business.

Never during his life of unbridled indulgence had he experienced so fierce a passion as that he felt for Caroline Conway. It was not only her great beauty, her grace, the elegance of her manner, but more than all, the proud, pure spirit which flashed from out her great grey eyes—veritable windows of her soul.

He had noted her a dozen times before the particular occasion when he set Syphax to follow her, and each time with increasing admiration. Vainly he tried to discover any fault in her exquisite face and form; vainly he sought to discern aught approaching to vulgarity. The verdict his senses and his heart pronounced was: —"She is perfect, absolutely perfect."

The corollary thereto:

"I love her, and she shall be mine."

Accustomed of late to the unbridled gratification of his passions, a very connoisseur in crime, he hesitated not a moment in devising plans against the peace and virtue of our heroine, Caroline. And here it may be remarked, that though he had no intention of committing such an absurdity as marriage, yet that should all other means fail he would be willing to offer her the proud title of Marchioness of Malplaquet. He anticipated that she, being only a poor governess, would offer no very prolonged or effectual resistance to his dishonorable suit. This was how he proposed going to work on the siege of Caroline:—

He would get an introduction to her, and endeavor by all the thousand arts of which he could think to ingratiate himself with her, and, if possible, win her maiden heart—make her love him, in fact. If he could do this the rest would be easy. And he had little fear of failure. He was handsome, agreeable, rich and noble. Besides, he had great experience in the science of love-making, and had found few women able to resist his arts. He had reduced it to a science. An unprincipled voluptuary, he was prepared to go any lengths in pursuit of his objects, and was absolutely and supremely indifferent to the anguish of mind and misery his heartless conduct caused.

Caroline Conway had taken his fancy. What cared he for the unhappiness he might cause her? No more than he did for the fluttering of the poor pheasant his double-barreled Manton and unerring aim brought down. Failing to gain her love at the first assault, he determined to enlist her sympathies in his favor—to lay her under obligations to him—to make her grateful, in fact. For well he knew that gratitude is very nigh akin to love.

AMUSEMENTS.

To Advertisers.

We call the attention of Managers and Professionals who wish to avail themselves of the extensive circulation of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, the Theatrical Organ of America, to make known their business, wants, etc., to the following schedule of rates for advertising:—

Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line. A liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, N. Y.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

LEONARD GROVER .... DIRECTOR
MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 8, 1866,
MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON as ASA TRENCHARD,
His very popular and original character in
OUR AMERICAN COUSIN.

The original comedy, played by an arrangement with Miss Laura Keene.

The Director takes pleasure in being able to present this delightful comedy with the following meritorious cast:—

Mr. Charles Vandenhoff........as........Lord Dundreary
Mr. Stoddart........as........Abel Murcott
Mr. Charles Peters........as........Binney
(His original character.)
Miss Caroline Carson........as........Florence Trenchard
Miss Kate Newton........as........Mary Meredith
ASA TRENCHARD........MR. JEFFERSON

With new and pleasing scenery by Messrs. E. Hayes and D. Strong.

Seats may be secured daily for Mr. Jefferson's nights, from 9 A. M. until 4 P. M., at the Box Office.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE,

201 BOWERY, (opposite Spring street).
AN IMMENSE BILL OF ATTRACTION
FOR THIS WEEK.
A NEW DRAMA OF INTENSE INTEREST,
ENTITLED
THE ROBBER KING;
OR,
ROLF OF THE RED HAND.
The entire Dramatic Company in the Cast.

A NEW GRAND ECCENTRIC BALLET, by
M. SZOLLOSY,
THE DANCING MASTER FROM PARIS.
TONY PASTOR
SINGS TWO MORE NEW SONGS.
A SPLENDID OLIO BILL,
BY THE GREAT TROUPE.
MATINEE ON WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY,
2½ O'CLOCK.

NEW YORK CIRCUS,

FOURTEENTH STREET, opposite Academy of Music.
L. B. LENT .... Director

MATINEES
EVERY DAY AT TWO.

PERFORMANCES EVERY NIGHT, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

ROBINSON.
The Champion, with LITTLE CLARENCE.
M'LLE DE BERG,
The accomplished Equestrienne, in her brilliant
TOURS D'EQUITATION.
Supported by the full
NEW YORK CIRCUS TROUPE.

Prices—Dress Circle, 50 cents; Children under ten, 25 cents; Reserved Seats, 75 cents; Children under ten, 50 cents.

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Time—Doors open at 7¼; performance to commence at 8 o'clock. For the Daily Matinees—Doors open at 1; performance to commence at 2 o'clock.

Equestrians, Acrobats and other artists of acknowledged ability, wishing engagements, can address as above.

CIRCUS CANVAS.—For sale, a 120 feet TOP CANVAS TENT, and a 45 feet top Canvas, with sides, not much used. Apply at the box office of the New York Circus. 27

BARNUM'S NEW AMERICAN MUSEUM.

Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets.
THE WELL MERITED AND BRILLIANT SUCCESS
Which has attended the performance of
OUR AMERICAN COUSIN,
Produced by permission of Miss LAURA KEENE, induces the announcement of its repetition.
EVERY AFTERNOON AT 2. EVENING AT 7¾,
With a cast of distinguished ability.
ELEGANT DANCES—COMIC SONG AND DANCE.
INFANT AND FEMALE DRUMMER.
To be seen at all hours,
COLLECTION OF THE LATE GORDON CUMMING.
MAMMOTH FAT MAN, WEIGHING 615 LBS.
A MAMMOTH FAT CHILD, THREE YEARS OLD, weighs 196 lbs.
MISS ANNA SWANN, GIANTESS, OVER 8 FEET HIGH.
THREE DWARFS. GLASS BLOWERS. CIRCASSIAN GIRL.
LIVING BIRDS OF RAREST PLUMAGE.
A SLOTH, A VULTURE, THE ADJUTANT.
LIVING SNAKES, LIVING MONKEYS.
NATIONAL BRONZE PORTRAIT GALLERY.
125 PORTRAITS OF N. A. INDIAN CHIEFS.
Cosmoramas, Learned Seal, Happy Family, Grand Aquaria, Wax Figures, and 200,000 other Curiosities.
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WE DEFY COMPETITION
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PRODUCTION OF NOVELTIES.

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M. DEMPSTEP,	W. P. GRIER,
J. GARATAGUI,	J. SIVORI,
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Stage Manager ....G. W. H. Griffen
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GREAT VARIETY TROUPE,
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Consisting of
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THIRTY-FIVE VERSATILE PERFORMERS,
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EVERY WEEK,
MLLE. ANNETTA GALLETTI,
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The two best Dancers in America,
AND PRESENTING IN ONE EVENING
GREATEST VARIETY of real PASTIME ever given in AMERICA.
The Monster Entertainment now given at
THIS TEMPLE OF AMUSEMENT
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MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON,
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Your friend LOW GAYLORD
Wants to know your address.
Answer to St. Joseph, Mo., immediately. 27-1t

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Now in the sixth week of success, in Erie, Pa.

Wanted, A LEADING JUVENILE MAN and A SINGING CHAMBERMAID, for a season of ten months, to commence immediately. Address

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River Block, Main street, Warren, Ohio, will seat
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PROPERTY MAN,
Late of Leland's Opera House, Saratoga, N. Y., is open to accept an engagement with responsible managers.
Address in care of the New York Clipper. 27-1t*

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This popular Commedienne, having just arrived in this country from Europe, is prepared to negotiate with managers throughout the West and Southwest, for brief star engagements. In this lady's repertoire will be found
THREE NEW PIECES
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Address WILLIAM H. KING,
Care JAMES CONNER & CO.,
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AMUSEMENTS.

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LATE ODEON, BROOKLYN, E. D.
RE-DECORATED, NEW SCENERY and STAGE APPOINTMENTS.
☞ GRAND OPENING. ☜

This Beautiful TEMPLE OF ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELSY will commence the FALL AND WINTER SEASON on MONDAY EVENING, Sept. 3d, 1866, with the following
BRILLIANT ARRAY OF TALENT:
EPH HORN, the celebrated Ethiopian Comedian.
WASH NORTON, the great Female Impersonator and General Performer.
JOHNNY ALLEN AND J. K. CAMPBELL,
The Favorite Comedians.
JOHNNY QUEEN, the Champion Cloggist.

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H. Isaacs,	F. J. St. Clair,	G. Moherig,
J. J. Hilliard,	Fred Bowen, and	GEO. H. COES,

Who will appear nightly in their
GRAND AND FASHIONABLE ENTERTAINMENTS.
ALL THE NEWEST SONGS, BALLADS, CHORUSES, FARCES, ACTS, JOKES, BURLESQUE OPERA, TRAGEDY, &c., &c., WILL BE PRODUCED IN
RAPID SUCCESSION.
FIRST CLASS TALENT can address
T. W. SEAVER, Sole Proprietor.
21-tf GEO. H. COES, Stage Manager.

HOOLEY'S NEW OPERA HOUSE,

CORNER OF COURT AND REMSEN STREETS, BROOKLYN,
Is now open for the season with
A GREAT STAR COMBINATION OF
MINSTRELS AND PANTOMIMISTS.
THE MOST COMFORTABLE AND FINEST HALL
IN AMERICA.
The Company comprises TWENTY-FIVE UNEQUALLED PERFORMERS, selected from the first ranks of the Profession.
First class talent can address
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GLORIOUS SUCCESS.
Redecorated and Brilliant in all its Appointments, making it the most recherche Temple of Minstrelsy in the World.
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BIRCH, WAMBOLD, BERNARD & BACKUS'
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Great hit of the screaming burlesque of the Black Crook, introducing the African Ballet Troupe, by the Sylphs. Hilton Head Institute. Operatic Gems. Fat and Greasy. Imitations of Actors. Susan's Sunday Out. 27-1t*

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WANTED IMMEDIATELY—Banjo Player, Song and Dance Man, Comic Singer, Lady Vocalist, and an entire Corps de Ballet. First class talent only. Address WM. RICE,
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OPEN FOR THE FALL AND WINTER SEASON.
H. A. EARNSHAW....................Sole Lessee and Manager
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The great artist, will commence a two weeks' engagement at this Theatre, Oct. 1st, appearing in the most of his masterly impersonations, supported by a powerful Dramatic Company.
JAMES PILGRIM....................Acting Manager
THOS. R. HANN....................Stage Manager
DR. CUNNINGTON....................Musical Director
GEO. WUNDERLICH....................Scenic Artist
20-tf

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WANTED—AT CHADWICK'S VARIETY THEATRE, 115 and 117 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill., GOOD ACTORS, SINGERS, DANCERS, MALE AND FEMALE MINSTREL PERFORMERS, &c. All good performers will find engagements by applying at once to
26-16t* GEO. H. BARTON, Manager.

WARNING TO MANAGERS.--Wm. H. Otis, of Boston, advertising himself as a Walking Gentleman; LOUIS CARLAND, of Boston, a Costumer, and the sisters CLARA AND SALLIE WORELL, of Nashville, all solicited engagements and SIGNED CONTRACTS for the season of 1866 and '67 with the undersigned. These people, reckless of their honor and regardless of the annoyance they occasion us, have not even had the decency to give notice of their intended breach of contract, but have suffered their names to be published as members of the company engaged. A prompt publication of their names may, perhaps, put respectable managers on their guard with these parties. We commend our example to the consideration of managers in similar cases. ROIG & MACDONOUGH.
Mobile, Ala., Sept. 25th, 1866. 26-4t

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Wanted, a first-rate JUVENILE MAN AND WALKING GENTLEMEN. Must have wardrobe and be good dressers.
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Artists of acknowledged abilities can always procure good engagements by applying as above. 26-3t*3m

TALENT WANTED.--An A I Variety Company wish to engage some good talent. Address, with FULL PARTICULARS AND LOWEST TERMS.
26-tf "INDEX," care Clipper Office.

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MONTGOMERY, ALA.
STARS and FIRST CLASS TROUPES wishing time at the above Theatre, now one of the FINEST IN THE SOUTH, may apply to
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26-3m Montgomery, Ala.

FOR SALE.

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Now performing to crowded houses at the
WINTER GARDEN, NEW YORK,
Will be at liberty to accept engagements after the 13th of October. Managers wishing to secure this wonderful Troupe should address SHERIDAN CORBYN, Manager,
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NOTICE.

THEATRE, MONTGOMERY, ALA.
The Ladies and Gentlemen engaged for the above Theatre will please be in New York on Tuesday, Oct. 16th, to sail on the 17th by way of Savannah. Those going by railroad will please leave on same date. Tickets will be furnished on application to
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MUSIC HALL, London, C. W., is now for RENT to companies or persons by the day, week or month. Size 84 by 42, and 22 feet high; two dressing rooms; patent gas in ceiling; foot lights; seat 700; hot air, etc.; well ventilated; doors open outwards. Address MUSIC HALL, London, C. W. 26-5t*

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WANTED--By a young man, a Partner to do DOUBLE ACTS. One who is willing to travel. Address
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This highly popular and gifted young actor will play engagements throughout the West and Southwest this season. His extensive repertoire includes FAVORITE OF FORTUNE, and other attractive pieces. Managers, wishing to negotiate, will address him at 123 Brighton street, Boston. 25-3t*

MR. STUART ROBSON, the eminent Comedian, Having concluded his second engagement this season at the AMERICAN THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA, where he has performed to crowded houses his successful Burlesques of KING LEAR, The CUSS, and HAMLET, Or WEARING OF THE BLACK, has a few weeks unoccupied time. Communications may be addressed care of CHAS. THOS. PARSLOE, 566 Broadway.
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OLYMPIC THEATRE,

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This highly popular Theatre, now undergoing alterations, will open for the season on or about Sept. 24th.
FIRST CLASS STARS
liberally treated with.
27-3t* H. WATKINS.

MANAGERS TAKE NOTICE.--The undersigned wish to engage themselves with some troupe this season (traveling troupe preferred), in Double Song and Dance, Essence, Jig and Clog. WM. FREAR, M. FARIEL, late of Duprez & Green's Minstrels. [27-1t*] WM. FREAR, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

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WANTED—A few more Lady and Gentlemen members. Address
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THE GREAT SENSATION TROUPE OF THE DAY.
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THE WONDEROUS HERNANDEZ, and
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The greatest Song and Dance Man in the World.
SIX FIRST CLASS COMEDIANS
will appear nightly, in connection with the other portion of this grand entertainment, which will prove to be of AN ENTIRE NEW AND ORIGINAL CHARACTER. 24-3m*

AUTOCRATS OF ALL MINSTRELSY.

The great confederation of distinguished Ethiopian Artists,
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Universally admitted and undeniably the
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The most remarkable concentration of MUSICAL, VOCAL, COMIC and TERPSICHOREAN TALENT ever confederated in one organization.
TWENTY BRILLIANT STARS,
under the personal supervision of the greatest of all living Ethiopian Comedians,
COOL BURGESS.
THE MARVELLOUS QUARTETTE,
PRENDERGAST, SWEET, FREDERICKS AND STONE.
The wonderful
UTICA BOYS,
in double Clog Exercises. The great
BRASS BAND,
under the leadership of the inimitable
FRANK BOWLES, Magic Cornet Soloist.
THE MAGNIFICENT ORCHESTRA, under the direction of the celebrated Solo Violinist and composer,
W. ALONZO OWEN.
The public are respectfully informed that the above troupe is NOT composed of one or two legitimate performers and a dozen amateurs, but that each and every member is an Ethiopian artist of eminence in his speciality.
The Manager begs leave to call attention to the long array of distinguished names constituting this extraordinary organization:

COOL BURGESS,	J. WALLACE,
T. B. PRENDERGAST,	WILL. CAZARAN,
CHARLEY GARDNER,	GEORGE REYNOLDS,
O. P. SWEET,	CHARLEY REYNOLDS,
W. ALONZO OWEN,	DICK THOMPSON,
FRANK BOWLES,	N. BERNARD,
C. S. FREDERICKS,	LEWIS BERTRAM,
A. C. STONE,	C. B. GRISTE,
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GEORGE TIMPSON,	S. T. DENIO.

D. C. LA RUE, Manager.
15-3m C. B. GRISTE, Agent.

"ENERGY AND TALENT command Success."

CHARLEY PETTENGILL'S
MINSTRELS
AND
BRASS BAND.
18 POPULAR AND TALENTED PERFORMERS.
EACH MEMBER SELECTED FOR HIS INDIVIDUAL EXCELLENCE.
THE FINEST VOCALISTS,
THE FUNNIEST COMEDIANS,
THE BEST MUSICIANS,
THE LARGEST BRASS BAND.
THE MODEL ETHIOPIAN CONFEDERACY OF AMERICA,
under the immediate supervision of
CHARLIE PETTENGILL,
The Eminent Ethiopian Comedian,
(Late of Morris Brothers, Buckley's Serenaders, and Hooley's Minstrels,)
WHO WILL POSITIVELY APPEAR EACH EVENING IN HIS CHOICE SPECIALITIES.
LOOK AT THE GIGANFIC CONGRESS OF ETHIOPIAN STARS:

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THE LARGEST ARRAY OF INDIVIDUAL TALENT EVER CONCENTRATED IN ANY SIMILAR ORGANIZATION.
PETTENGILL'S MAMMOTH BRASS BAND,
under the leadership of Prof. HENRY FREYBERTHUYSER,
IN A
GRAND FREE ENTERTAINMENT EACH EVENING
in front of the Hall previous to the Concert.
CHARLIE PETTENGILL....................Proprietor
COL. J. H. RICE....................Treasurer
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Admission.............30 cents | Reserved Seats..........50 cents
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THE CHAMPIONS OF THE WORLD

ARE COMING.
SEASON OF 1866-67.
THIRD ANNUAL TOUR
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CALIFORNIA MINSTRELS
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BRASS BAND.
Eighteen Artists of Talent and Ability, under the sole management of BEN COTTON.
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For traveling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
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Suitable for Circuses, Menageries, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to suit customers.
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FORMERLY GARNER'S ESTABLISHMENT,
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All kinds of THEATRICAL and CIRCUS CLOTHING constantly on hand and made to order. 23-3m*

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Address,
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Managers of Leading Theatres should bear in mind that the time for this charming Actress is nearly all filled for the ensuing season.

Her repertoire is of the most attractive character, and her grace, talent and beauty render her a card rarely paralleled.

Those engaging her will find their interests so closely identified with her success that it really behooves Theatrical Directors to lose no opportunity of securing services so valuable. Address
J. W. GUEST,
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CARLETON. CARLETON.
Universally acknowledged by the Press of
BOTH HEMISPHERES
to be the only true representative of the Wit, Mirth and Melody
OF OULD IRELAND,
is now playing to crowded houses at TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES, Pittsburgh, Pa.
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THREE SPACIOUS HALLS,
Consisting of a Rare Collection of Living Animals, Birds, Fishes, Minerals, Coins, Paintings, Pictures, Relics of the Revolution, and other Curiosities from all parts of the world,
MAKING ONE OF THE MOST INSTRUCTIVE AND AMUSING INSTITUTIONS IN THIS COUNTRY.
Living curiosities wishing engagements the coming season will be treated with on the most liberal terms, by addressing
C. T. AMES,
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P.S.—WANTED—A first class GLASS BLOWER during the Winter Season. 25-3m

ROBERT NICKLE, PRESTIDIGITATEUR.

With an entirely new and original Repertoire of Startling Wonders. All communications to be addressed to
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This Elegant Establishment is now open for the season, having been Remodeled and Decorated throughout, with entirely New Scenery and Appointments.
FIRST CLASS STARS wishing to negotiate for nights will please address CHARLES PLUNKETT,
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AMUSEMENTS.

EXTRAORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE FAMOUS, GIGANTIC AND
WIDE WORLD RENOWNED
DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S
(LATE DUPREZ & GREEN'S)
ORIGINAL NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN
MINSTRELS
AND
MAMMOTH BRASS BAND,
THE ONLY COMPLETE TROUPE TRAVELING, COMPOSED OF TWENTY-EIGHT CELEBRATED ETHIOPIAN ARTISTS, OF FOURTEEN YEARS EXPERIENCE WITH THIS TROUPE,
will appear at the following cities:
ST. LOUIS,
At Ben De Bar's Opera House for two weeks, commencing June 11th.
INDIANAPOLIS,
At the Metropolitan Theatre, for six nights, commencing June 27.
DAYTON,
At Turner's New Opera House, July 3d and 4th.
PITTSBURGH,
At the Pittsburgh Theatre for two to four weeks, commencing July 9th.
CINCINNATI,
For twelve nights, commencing August 20th.
LOUISVILLE,
One week, commencing Sept. 10th.
NASHVILLE,
Six nights, commencing September 17th.
MEMPHIS,
One week, commencing Oct. 1st.
NEW ORLEANS,
Four to six weeks, commencing Oct. 14th,
When the entire strength of this incomparable troupe will appear in their challenged, unapproachable
CHAMPION ETHIOPIAN ENTERTAINMENTS.
C. H. DUPREZ, Manager.
SAM. POND, } Agents.
C. F. SLOCUM, } 24-tf

METROPOLITAN MUSIC HALL,

611 AND 613 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
HARRY ENOCHS....................Proprietor
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N. B.—First class artists (no others) wishing engagements, can address as above.] 17-3m*

MARY GLADSTANE.

This accomplished artiste—who is acknowledged to be equally great in TRAGEDY AND COMEDY—having returned from her visit to Europe, will resume her professional duties during the coming season. Managers wishing to negotiate will address
F. WIDDOWS, care of
15-3m* CHAS. T. PARSLOE, 566 Broadway.

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JACKSON, MICHIGAN,
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17-3m* GEO. H. LATHROP, Agent.

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This model organization is now in the full zenith of success. It comprises an
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whose witticisms provoke unbounded laughter.
A QUARTETTE OF SPLENDID VOCALISTS,
whose Harmonization is one of the features of the performance
A FIRST CLASS ORCHESTRA,
And the
LARGEST AND BEST BRASS BAND
of any similar organization in the country, together with the
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MESSRS. DELEHANTY & WARD,
CLOG DANCERS.
LOW GAYLORD, Manager.
J. H. WARD, Treasurer.
H. T. ALLEN, Stage Manager.
20-3m WM. FOOTE, Jr., Agent.

BANJO CORRECTLY TAUGHT.--Banjo Book (mailed), $1. References by permission, Hall & Son, Pond & Co., and S. T. Gordon, music publishers, Broadway.
26 J. SIVORI, of Bryants' Minstrels, 474½ Broadway.

TO MANAGERS.--Mrs. J. H. ALLEN and D. H. HARKINS having started on their Starring Tour, managers wishing to communicate with them can do so through their agent,
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A CARD

TO AGENTS, THEATRICAL AND MINSTREL MANAGERS, and the traveling community in general.
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Manager of Amy Stone's sensation troupe.
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FOR A
NEW PLAY
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THE GRAND MAGICAL SPECTACLE OF
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THE TALENTED YOUNG COMEDIENNE,
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This new and splendid Hall, built at a cost of One Hundred Thousand Dollars, and capable of seating
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Said theatre is not surpassed by any in the South in point of finish and comfort. 15-3m*

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Importers of and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in THEATRICAL GOODS, COSTUMERS' MATERIALS, and all kinds of GOLD and SILVER TRIMMINGS. Goods sent C. O. D. to any part of the United States or Canada. Very truly yours,
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Managers wishing to engage the services of these very talented Artists, for STAR Engagements, will address
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Opposite the public Square and Post Office. The hall is 120 feet long by 55 wide, has two dressing rooms 24 by 17 and 17 by 18 feet, raised seats, foot and border lights, and carpet. The Entrance is 12 feet wide, 30 steps high, and is the only clean and warm hall in the city.
Hamilton Hall is by far the most popular hall in the city, and the ONLY HALL WITHOUT GOING INTO THE THIRD STORY.
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